

I can't describe his sound  
it's not like the sound  
other cats make  
it's more like a snore  
than a purr  
it does something for me  
settles my nerves.  
even in sleep his ears  
are cocked  
they rise up like radar  
his ears are cocked &  
every so often the eyes open  
take a quick look around.  
the blood on his face tells me  
his fears are real.  
I wonder about my own.

love is a nice place to visit

you said  
in the room where we live  
the windows for example  
in the morning sun  
the cats stretched out  
dog fur spotting the  
pillars of light  
the dog snoring  
coffee steaming in our hands  
hands that smell  
of crotch & toast &  
orange juice  
with the paper in  
our laps  
you reading Fred Bassett  
me looking at the ads  
for skin flicks  
98¢ now  
wondering if anybody  
anywhere can do it  
like we do it  
love making us think  
we alone know  
ecstasy.

-- Al Masarik

Alameda, CA